Westwords

MWS 1959

Westwords

Volume 2

Fall 1957

Number 1

Published quarterly by the students of Mount St. Mary's College, Los Angeles, California

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A Word Before

Fall is opulent. Earth lies quiet, surrendered to sun, content with fruitfulness.

Festivals too remind us of endings and fruition, fulfillment and a going down into winter before spring can return. The last Sunday in October shows us the majesty of Christ the King, his work on earth fulfilled, his reign over the hearts of men tending always to enrich them so that they may bear much fruit.

Then Halloween, the ancient feast of the dead meets with the natural celebration of harvest, and these two themes prepare us for All Saints' Day and All Souls'. On All Hallows' (which is the lovely old name for All Saints'), Hopkins tells us that the skies are God's "barn" with the stars like chinks in the walls letting light through. Inside the barn the autumn fruit is gathered: "withindoors house the shocks."* And these shocks of gathered grain are--wonderfully--"Christ and his mother and all his hallows."

Westwords too houses shocks of fruitful grain, a harvest so rich that the pages could not hold all that was gleaned. Here are stories sophisticated and simple; poems deep and poems light; articles for thought and articles for laughter. The Mount is proud of her harvest.

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The Ebb and Flow of Hope

Julie Wilson '60

Assuming that the theme of "The Open Boat" is man confronted by death, then closely related to this theme is the strong current of the ebb and flow of hope which pervades the story, giving the reader an insight into the universal feelings of hope and despair. Since "The Open Boat" is the tale of four victims of shipwreck struggling to reach land in a life-boat, this rhythmic current is natural and suitable to it. The means Crane uses to present the recurring pattern of hope and despair are, primarily, speech and symbol. The kinds of speech used are dialogue and soliloquy. Because of the abundance of symbolism in "The Open Boat," this paper will discuss only one set of symbols, that of color.

In the dialogue from which the following excerpts are taken, the hopes of the men rise and recede like an ocean tide. It is late the first day when one of the men cries:

> "Look! There's a man on the shore!"
>
> "Where?"
>
> "There! See 'im?"
>
> "Yes, sure!. . ."
>
> "Ah, now we're all right! Now we're all right! There'll be a boat out here for us in half an hour."[1]

The talk continues in the same vein for a while:

> "There comes something up the beach. . ."
>
> "Why, it looks like a boat. . . ."
>
> "No, it's on wheels."
>
> "Yes, so it is. Well, that must be a life-boat. They drag them along shore on a wagon. . ."
>
> "No, by God, it's -- it's an omnibus."
>
> "I tell you it's a life-boat."
>
> "It is not! It's an omnibus. . ."
>
> "By thunder, you're right. . . . What do you suppose they are doing with an omnibus? Maybe they are going around collecting the life-crew, hey?"

[1] Stephen Crane, "The Open Boat," The Art of Modern Fiction, ed. R. B. West, Jr. and R. W. Stallman (New York: Rinehart and Company, Inc., 1958), p. 35.

"That's it likely. . . ." (p. 36).

As the sun sets, however, the mood turns:

"I'd like to catch the chump who waved that coat. I feel like soaking him one, just for luck."

"Why? What did he do?"

Oh, nothing, but then he seemed so damned cheerful" (p. 37)

This dialogue, with its discovery of people on the beach, its bickering over what one or another of the men sees along with its general agreement that help is on the way, and its eventual realization that a rescue party is not coming, moves from the first stages of hope to growing confidence to gradual disillusionment.

Even within this broad picture there is alternation. A wave of increased confidence replaces disgust each time a reasonable explanation is proposed for a disappointing discovery, as in the case above in which the "life-boat" is found to be an omnibus.

Taking the middle quotation line by line, it can be seen that each thought uttered produces a slight modification in tone. The fluctuation of hope and despair becomes so fine and rapid that the two opposites practically merge into one.

A similar pattern emerges on examining the soliloquies. The first of them reads:

"If I am going to be drowned, . . . why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees? Was I brought here merely to have my nose dragged away as I was about to nibble the sacred cheese of life? It is preposterous. If this old ninny-woman, Fate, cannot do better than this. . . .If she has decided to drown me, why did she not do it in the beginning and save me all this trouble?. . . .But no, she cannot drown me . . . .Just you drown me, now, and then hear what I call you!" (p. 34).

This passage opens with hope at an ebb, but confidence develops to the point where, in the last line, the speaker is brazenly defiant.

The overall view of the four soliloquies furnishes a different impression. The second outburst is exactly the same as the first, but it breaks off at the words "sacred cheese of life." The third, too, is the same, but it stops at the end of the first sentence. In each case, the effect achieved is less hopeful than in the preceding soliloquy The last one discards all vestiges of the original as a realization of the nearness of death grips the men. "I am going to drown? Can it be possible? Can it be possible?" (p. 45).

As before, with every line the mood shifts slightly towards or away from hope. The man thinks that "it is preposterous" that he could drown with land so near, but if he is going to drown, why the delay? "But no, [Fate] cannot drown [him]." Confidence follows closely upon doubt and the two attitudes almost fuse.

Symbol, too, demonstrates the ebb and flow of hope, and color is a particularly effective symbol for an analysis parallel to preceding discussions of dialogue and soliloquy. If those hues which are found in the ordinary color spectrum are designated as representative of hope, then the neutral shades, that is, the blacks and grays, would connote despair. White is in a category by itself because it partakes of the qualities of both groups. It is ordinarily thought of as the absence of color and, as such, it can be called neutral, but it is really the presence of all color, it can be included with the rainbow hues. The purpose of this distinction will be explained presently.

Let us first examine this scene:

> Slowly the land rose from the sea. From a black line it became a line of black and a line of white, trees and sand. Finally the captain said that he could make out a house on the shore. . . ."They'll see us before long, and come out after us . . . (p. 32).

Before long the mood shifts:

> A broad stretch of lowly coast lay before the eyes of the men. It was of low dunes topped with dark vegetation . . . . sometimes they could see the white lip of a wave as it spun up the beach. A tiny house was blocked out black upon the sky. Southward, the slim lighthouse lifted its little grey length. . . "Funny they don't see us," said the men. . . ."We'll swamp sure," said everybody (p. 33).

In these two quotations, which are separated only by a short period of time, the mood change is indicated by the words of the men, but it is clarified by the use of color. The "dark vegetation," black house and gray lighthouse of the second section reinforce its pessimistic tone. In a broader picture than space permits me to present, the movement of the predominant attitude from hope to despair and back can be traced in the colors used.

The opposite effect is achieved in the first section. The optimism of the men stands out in contrast with the black line which first is the shore and then is the trees on the shore.[2] The dark color slightly dims the hopeful mood of the scene. This phenomenon corresponds roughly to the quickened interplay of shades of feeling within the large framework which was discussed with regard to speech.

White occurs in both divisions, as sand and as the "lip of a wave." If it is assumed that white is both neutral and colorful, then it has a double function wherever it appears. Hence in the first section white emphasizes hope while adding a note of doubt; conversely, in the second part it strengthens the despair as it holds

[2] This idea, which is the nucleus from which this paper evolved, is derived from R. W. Stallman, "Stephen Crane: A Revaluation," Critiques and Essays on Modern Fiction, ed. J. W. Aldridge (New York: Ronald Press Company, 1952), pp. 244-269.

up a tiny flicker of hope. Again the two moods, which seem mutually exclusive, melt into one.

Although I have taken only an example which contains neutral and white, the same procedure can be applied to passages with rainbow shades.

In each case investigated there are three aspects. The first is the overall pattern of the predominant moods of the scenes, which can be likened to the tides of the sea surging to and fro twice a day. Within this general view are numerous fluctuations, in which the predominant feeling may be, for instance, hope, but it is hope in varying degrees, for it is tinged with doubt in one place and not in another.

These fluctuations might be compared to the waves breaking rhythmically on the shore. This see-saw pattern of moods may accelerate as one looks more closely at a passage, just as there are ripples on the sea which are not apparent from a distance. Eventually the almost infinite action very nearly becomes perfect stillness, so that hope and despair appear simultaneously. Just so, in the case of color, one symbol signifies two extremes. Crane's story, then, presents hope as having an element, no matter how infinitesimal, of despair and despair as containing some degree of hope.

Whether we can agree with this idea or not, Crane challenges us, through his use of speech and symbol, to consider his view of the ebb and flow of hope.

Summer

Maggie Roth '60

It is a

salt-sea

sun-sprayed

foam-flecked

kiss

Under the lion

Under the hot stars.

Irene Riordan '62

Lauri

The spring day was fresh and clear when Lauri woke up. She looked around her room.

"Good-morning, Tweedle-Dee," she said in answer to her canary's trill. Then she kicked her legs hard and fast. When the covers were disarranged she threw herself head-first into them. In a flash she was standing near the edge of the bed; she bounced up, higher and Higher and HIGHER, then down into the snow-cloud and . . .

"Miss Lauri!"

The voice brought her out of the snow-cloud and dropped her on her own fluffy white rug.

"Miss Lauri, you know your mother doesn't like your doing that. Come, let's put on a dress and go down to breakfast."

Miss Smith opened Lauri's mirrored closet doors, took out a blue dress, and laid it on the chair. In the pink-and-white room the blue dress looked like a bluebird in a rose garden. Lauri thought about that while Miss Smith dressed her. Then she sat in the chair and wished she could be a bluebird and fly high and far and free.

"Why can't people fly? Birds do."

"People weren't made to fly; birds were."

"Why?"

"Now stop asking foolish questions and sit still so I can braid your hair."

"Why can't I have short hair?"

"Little girls look more feminine with long hair."

"What's fem-ine?"

"Fem-in-ine. That means lady-like."

Now Lauri had something new to think about. Mommy was a lady, but Mommy's hair was short. It made big curls and little curls all over her head. Before Mommy went anywhere she took a gold can and pushed the pink bump on top and teeny-weeny drops disappeared in her hair. Then it was stiff instead of soft like Mommy's coats and sweaters and her white hands. Miss Smith's hands weren't soft like Mommy's. Lauri wished Mommy would

brush her hair and give her her bath and dress her and tuck her in at night, because her hands were so soft. Maybe if Miss Smith wore gloves her hands would feel soft like Mommy's. Lauri was going to ask Miss Smith, but just then she was whisked from her chair, stood up, and given a gentle shove in the direction of the door.

As she scampered down the stairs, Lauri thought of the day outside. Maybe Miss Smith would take her to the park. But no, Miss Smith was wearing a colored dress and that meant she was going away for the day. Mommy? No, she'd be too busy.

But the day was so beautiful. As she drank her orange juice, she pretended it was orange soda like she had had one day in the park. She pushed the bacon over her green plate and imagined she was tumbling among the brown leaves, rolling down the hill, soft and green like Mommy's coat with the sparkling buttons.

"Lauri!"

She was back in her dining-room again. She didn't mind being called back though--Mommy had done it and it wasn't often that Mommy was at breakfast. She wished Mommy would talk to her; she didn't want to talk first, though, because sometimes Mommy didn't feel well in the morning. Maybe if she was very good and very quiet Mommy would want to take her to the park.

But right after breakfast, Mommy went back to bed. Lauri walked up the stairs to her empty room very slowly. She looked up at Tweedle-Dee for a few minutes; then she turned around and walked to her dolls. She picked up the newest one Mommy had bought her, but suddenly threw it down. Neither this nor any of her other toys were the same as having someone live to play with; even Tweedle-Dee wouldn't do. Miserable, she ran from her room, down the stairs and out the side door. In the patio she stopped for an instant before flying down the driveway, out the gate, and to the sidewalk.

Lauri loped down the street until she came to the corner, where she stopped. Here was a bench, a green one with white words written on it. Lauri had never sat on one of these before, just like she'd never been on a walk all alone before. Suddenly she realized ---this was going to be her Number One Adventure Day! Naturally she couldn't walk right past the bench. She clambered up and sat . . . just sat, kicking her legs and clicking her heels together in rhythm: kick, kick, kick, click, kick; kick, kick, click; kick, kick . . . Whee! She'd been sitting on the bench long enough---it was time for more adventures. She ran across the street, across another street, and across another and then -- a store! It wasn't a very pretty store, no colored pictures or flowers. While she stood thinking about this, a woman walked in with clothes over her arm. This didn't interest Lauri very much, and so she continued down the street.

Next door was a more fascinating store. It was red with white trim around the windows; there was a white stripe near the

brown room; on the stripe were red words. Looking in the window Lauri saw the best part: puppies--black-and-white fur-balls bouncing up and down for attention. Lauri had always wanted a puppy, but Mommy said they were too messy and noisy. Instead Mommy gave her a huge brown dog with big eyes and floppy ears and a nose you squeezed to make him bark. It wasn't the same as a real puppy though, because he wasn't really alive and besides his fur was too short. Lauri stood for a long time looking at the puppies and wishing she could hold one and rub his fur and have him kiss her with his wet pink tongue. Soon, however, Lauri wanted a puppy so badly that she didn't even like the puppies any more, and so she walked away.

At the next store, Lauri realized she was hungry. In the window were loaves of bread, trays of rolls and donuts, cakes and plates of cookies. Looking in, Lauri became more and more hungry. The door was open, so she crept shyly in. She walked slowly to the counter, her shiny black shoes tap-tap-tapping on the tile floor. The lady behind the counter turned around, her clown-bright mouth in a gay smile.

"What would you like, honey?"

Lauri stared at the floor, not knowing what to say to this strange lady.

"Did your mom send you in for something?"

"No."

Lauri looked up at the lady; although she was still smiling her brown eyes were softer, so Lauri continued:

"Mommy's asleep, an' I just went for a walk. . . an'. . . I was hungry -- I. . ."

Seeing Lauri on the verge of tears, the lady held out her hand to her.

"Where do you live, honey?"

"533 Taylor Place."

"That's quite a walk for a little girl; no wonder you're hungry. I bet you'd like a chocolate donut. And do you know what else? My daughter Betty will be driving right near your house in just a few minutes, and I'm sure that she wouldn't mind dropping you off at home."

All the way to her house, Lauri wondered and worried. What would Mommy do? Lauri feared Mommy would be angry and upset over her being gone all day. She knew she had been gone a long time -- she knew because her stomach had been crying and besides the sun was down much further.

"533 Taylor Place? Here you are honey. 'Bye."

Trembling, Lauri walked into the house, up the stairs, past Mommy's bedroom where the door was open. . .

"Lauri, darling, have you been in your room playing with Tweedle-dee all day?"

My Bear

Celine Hatcher '62

my be
ar i s ve
ry ug ly as
far as looks go, hi
s fur is awfully dirt
y, more like coal than
snow, his big red bow i
s messy, his head is no
t too straight, his p
lastic nose is missin
g, his right eye ne
eds a mate. his
mouth of yarn
is droopy.
his pink tongue's rather black,
his fur comes off in patches, the
mean old moths attack. but non th
e less, he's MY bear, i've had hi
m o so long, he sat up
in that attic, until
i came along. i pulled
him from the cobwebs and
plunked him in a bath, dri
ed and combed his matt
ed fur, and dragged h
im down a path. in
spite of this malt
reatment he will a
lways b e a che
erer- u p, an a
ngel, t he dear
est frie
nd to
m e

The Rivers in GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Judi Bauerlein '60

The geography of Charles Dickens' Great Expectations includes many rivers and these have a dual significance. The river symbol relates the basic themes of the novel to each other, thus giving the book a tight structural unity. The rivers are likewise directly connected with Pip and his journey into the sea of maturity.

This paper will explicate the latter significance of the rivers by showing Pip's early associations with the marshes, his transfer from the marshes to the river by Magwitch who is also connected with the river, Pip's attitude of revulsion towards Magwitch and the river, and finally his change of attitude.

The river and the marshes are the most obvious natural symbols used in the novel and both relate directly to Pip. In the great opening scene, they are connected with Pip's beginning self-awareness.

> Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the identity of things, seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon. . . At such a time I found out. . . . that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry was Pip (Rinehart ed., 1948, p. 2).

The river and the marshes are the predominant landmarks of Pip's childhood and we see his consciousness of them to be directly connected with his own birth to consciousness. Rivers and waters are common baptismal symbols of rebirth into life. But Pip's "rebirth" completely reverses the usual associations of light, life, and dignity brought by baptism into cold, darkness, fear, and an animal image of a human being.

It is in such an inverted universe that Pip is intimately associated with the marshes before he leaves for London. Any number of significant quotations might prove this point. In one such example Pip says:

> I used to stand about the churchyard on Sunday evenings when night was falling, comparing my own perspective with the windy marsh view, and making

> out some likeness between them by thinking how flat and low both were, and how on both there came an unknown way and a dark mist and then the sea (p. 108).

Before Pip leaves for London to enter into his "unknown way and dark mist" he takes a walk through his familiar countryside. "After our early dinner, I strolled out alone, proposing to finish off the marshes at once and get them done with" (p. 148). But it is not so easy to wipe out first associations, for even after Pip has come into his fortune and has left the marshes, the scenes of his early life remain close to him. "I turned my head aside, for with a rush and sweep, like the old marsh winds coming back from the sea, a feeling like that which subdued me on the morning when I left the forge came over me" (p. 253).

It is from these stagnant, murky, non-productive marshes that the young Pip will emerge, and both symbolically and literally he moves from them down the fast flowing river to the sea of maturity. It is significant that the man who removes Pip from the marshes and associates him with the river, thus becoming eventually the indirect cause of his maturity, is Magwitch, a convict who is also closely associated with the river.

Immediately following his birth to consciousness, Pip is approached by this convict who has been ". . . soaked in water, smothered in mud, lamed by stones" (p. 3). The convict is from the Hulks, which are prison ships lying on the river directly across from the marshes. As Pip starts for home, he turns and sees Magwitch ". . . going on again towards the river" (p. 5). As Pip watches, the convict limps back to the gibbet by the river as if he had somehow come down and was going to hook himself up again. That night Pip dreams of what had happened, but instead of the convict it is he who is being hanged.

> If I slept at all that night; it was only to imagine myself drifting down the river on a strong spring-tide, to the Hulks; a ghostly pirate calling out to me through a speaking trumpet, as I passed the gibbet station, that I had better come ashore and be hanged at once and not put it off (p. 13).

This dream aptly summarizes Pip's fear of Magwitch and his own subconscious association with Magwitch and guilt. It also shows the direct connection of the river with Magwitch and guilt, accounting for Pip's attitude of revulsion towards the river. Pip pictures the river as dark and foreboding, a "low, leaden line." When Pip is leaving for London he is very happy to leave his country and the marshes and rivers. "No more low wet grounds," he says, "no more dykes and sluices, no more of the grazing cattle. . . farewell monotonous acquaintances of childhood; henceforth I [am] for London and greatness" (p. 149). This attitude remains with Pip even after he has left the marshes and entered into his expectations.

Pip not only dislikes the marshes and the river, but his revulsion extends to Magwitch. This attitude towards Magwitch is clearly seen during their second meeting. Magwitch does not appear again for a long time. During this period Pip has entered into his expectations and is living in London, divorced from Biddy and Joe. Magwitch returns when Pip is sitting alone in his room. It was terrible weather; ". . . stormy and wet; mud, mud, deep in all the streets" (p. 318). The convict reappears as he first appeared, in water and mud and again to change Pip's life. Pip, frightened and repelled by Magwitch, describes him as ". . . He [who] coming over the sea, had drawn near" (p. 362).

At first when Pip discovers that Magwitch is his benefactor instead of Miss Havisham, as he had supposed, he is "too stunned to think; and it was not until I began to think, that I began fully to know how wrecked I was, and how the ship in which I had sailed was gone to pieces" (p. 328)

The use of this ship image signifies a turning point in Pip's life. His ship was not a sea-worthy vessel, it was inadequate for the journey on which it was about to embark -- the journey into growth and maturity. With the wrecking of his early "ship" Pip's attitude towards Magwitch changes.

> For now the repugnance to him had all melted away, and in the hunted, wounded, shackled creature who held my hand in his, I only saw a man who had felt affectionately, gratefully, and generously towards me with great constancy through a series of years. I only saw in him a much better man than I had been to Joe (p. 453).

Pip now sees Magwitch as a lovable pilot of the river. ". . .he had a boat-cloak with him, and a black canvas bag, and he looked as like a river pilot as my heart could have wished. . .he looked, as I have said, a natural part of the scene" (pp. 442-443).

As Pip matures by a restoration of a genuine hierarchy of values and by assuming responsibility for Magwitch, Pip's attitude towards the river changes. On the important day when he was to escape with Magwitch he looked out the window at the scene.

> The river, still dark and mysterious was spanned by bridges that were turning coldly grey, and as the sun rose a veil seemed to be drawn from the river and millions of sparkles burst out upon its waters. From me too, a veil seemed to be drawn, and I felt strong and well (p. 439).

Several other instances reemphasize his change of attitude. Pip no longer considers the river as a "low, leaden line." "The night was dark by this time as it would be until morning; what light we had seemed to come more from the river than the sky"

THE RIVERS IN GREAT EXPECTATIONS. . . continued on page 22

Carlisle Van Horne '61

In the Zoo

In this case
wisdom is mine and I will say it:
the cage is more comfort than the bench.
I know it.

Beat your wings and fly to nowhere,
then perch, prim, like funeral directors,
but without corpses.

And slink, you black and sullen cats,
rub fur against the racial memory of bars
like trees in that dark, fragrant forest
your parents knew,
quickened with the sound of slaughter,
the smell of murder under the scent of marsh hibiscus. . .
a fearful freedom: the chase, the kill, and killers.

Sleep my sister cobra,
coiled in a manufactured heat as vibrant as a jungle's,
grown fat, and thick with poison,
with hoarded venom,
and need no victim.

Someone Always Boos

Dolores Murphy '62

"Oh dear, I didn't mean to let that door slam. I don't want to get scolded for something like that." Dora winced as she started to tiptoe down the hall; the rubber soles of her unscuffed oxfords squeaked on the slippery hardwood and she felt curious eyes watching her. "Goodness, even my shoes work against me," she sighed.

The patter of childish voices floated around her: "I pledge allegiance to the flag. . ." boomed out in the kettledrum voices of the seventh grade boys. Dora remembered in the seventh grade last year how the boys would rumble like overladen city buses but underneath lay tinkling girls' voices.

"Two times seven is fourteen, three times seven is. . ." That was the fourth grade.

"A,B,C,D,. . ." came a high treble and Dora looked in. She smiled as she glimpsed the look of satisfaction on Sister First Grade's face when her little ones waded through twenty-six letters without a mistake.

Dora tugged on the knob at the third grade classroom and was startled by an unruly cry as the children noticed her presence. They bounced up and down like a disorganized band of cheerleaders. "Why they really like me!" Dora thought as she quieted the pupils and began lessons.

The day rushed by, ending as the clang of the three o'clock bell caught Tobias struggling with a monstrous fish. A few youngsters lingered around Dora, wiggling and pushing to get her attention.

"When will Mrs. Reynolds come back?" That was the red head whose front teeth had been bought by the fairies. Dora stiffened.

"Your teacher has a bad case of the flu. I don't know how long she'll be out."

"Well I hope it's a long time if you'll teach us every day like you been teaching us this week," the child ended on a breathless note.

"Now, you mustn't wish sickness on anyone," Dora softened the words with a smile. "All of you go home now before your mothers worry about you."

She ran her finger gingerly over the blackboard and felt the soft chalk film. "Tommy really doesn't clean the boards well, but he felt so important when I praised him for helping me." His beaming face came back to her as Dora shut the classroom door.

The next day Dora's precise gait was lost to a bouncy hop and skip as she headed for school. "Yesterday was nice," she

thought. "I hope I teach again today. At least the children didn't criticize me, and I did my best not to criticize them." As she entered the school gates, the sound of her name disrupted her thoughts.

"Dora, you're early! Come help us beat the other eighth grade class," Frances called to her. "We just can't let them win." Dora trudged to the baseball field thinking, "The wind is nippy. . . rather be inside studying. Maybe this will pass time until I find out about teaching."

Dora thought the line watching the game stood like poor six year old Bobbie, twisted and knotted in peculiar places. Some clumps of girls were silent. Others chattered as if the end of a long distance phone call had come.

Dora relaxed and awaited her turn up to bat eagerly. The wind-whipped sand made her bare legs tingle and her eyes water as she walked to the plate. Dora felt the slick wood of the bat in her hands and watched the clown-like movements of the pitcher. She saw the ball grow large, then small again and ran for the bases. She felt triumphant as she stumbled over home plate.

Then her ears picked up the sounds. There were cheers but Dora only heard the boos.

With the boos still ringing in her ears, Dora barely heard Frances as she gathered her books.

"I said, did you get your composition written?"

"Yes."

"Golly, you always get your homework done, don't you?" Frances said. Her head went down and she made no reply as she entered the school building.

Dora spent the rest of the day in her eighth grade classroom. "Why, why didn't Miss Fisher send me to teach again? What was wrong with yesterday? What will Miss Fisher say to me? Why can't I please anyone?"

Her tormented state grew worse when Miss Fisher read her composition aloud and asked for class discussion on it. Dora's head ached and the back of her legs pulled as she heard the critical remarks. "Oh, all anyone ever does is tell me how I can do better," she thought.

As the dismissal bell rang that afternoon, Dora saw Frances' ink-stained hand reach out to detain her.

"We're going to practice baseball for a while. Want to stay?"

"No," answered Dora shortly.

"Well, what's the matter with you? Frances resignedly asked.

"I hate baseball. Someone always is booing at me," Dora blurted out.

SOMEONE ALWAYS BOOS. . . continued on page 36

A Leaf in the Wind

Eileen Brick '62

Tumble
tumble
turn
bumble
over yellow grass needles silently.

Slide
skitter
scoot
scrape
on ghostgray cement.

Jump
fly
spin
crash
splash into the grabbing gushing gutter.

Tranquility

Judy Scherb '60

This ravine
Is dim and cool and green
Under the crowding canopies
Of trees.

This hidden pool
Is green and dim and cool.
Here soothing ripples flow;
Mosses grow.

Though these dim
Green cool things for him
Who finds still retreat
From heat,

There still yearn
Tired eyes for water fern;
Dim cool serene:
Silent scene.

Lot's Wife

Martha McCarthy '62

And I was left there
In the swirling, stormy sea
With only island rocks to stand upon
And only distance
Only sea
To look upon

I stood there
Fastened as it were upon the rock
Hating its cold and wetness
Beneath my feet
And I could see a million hopes
Rush out to me
Then as I grasped them
Pull away with mocking smile

But as my last hope
Floated past--outside my reach
I only watched
I could not cry

For as the tears began to form
I felt them freeze against my cheek
The whole of me
Was fixing in an icy stone-clad figure
Firm upon my rock

Amid the fury of the tossing sea
I stand
Unmovable
With but a salty frozen tear
As reminiscence
Of the me that was Despair
And turning Doubt

Correspondence on Dante

Pat Crampton '62

336 Manor Drive
Hawthorne, California
April 22, 1959

H. R. Huse
c/o Rinehart and Company
New York, New York

Dear Sir:

As a student of the Divine Comedy, I would like to suggest a change be made in your future translations of the poem. I believe that the blackbird should be substituted for the she-wolf as the symbol of avarice.

I hope you will not construe this as an insult to Dante. I realize that the information available at that time would have led everyone to believe the wolf was the perfect symbol of insatiable appetite. It is because modern information has completely altered the former concept of the wolf that I feel a change is necessary. Using this modern information as a basis for my picture of the wolf, I would like to show why I believe the change is necessary and why I believe the blackbird would be a more fitting symbol.

My first argument stems from the very definition of avarice. Avarice is a voracious coveting of whatever of the unspiritual is most desirable. To both the wolf and the blackbird, food is the most desirable possession. If we were to speak from a purely quantitative point of view, the wolf would be the better symbol of avarice since he consumes far more than the blackbird. However, if we speak from the qualitative point of view the blackbird is better. For, while the hundred pound wolf seldom eats more than two or three rabbits a day, and, even when he corners larger prey, must be careful not to over-indulge because he may be forced to flee rapidly, the blackbird eats four times his own weight daily.

As my second point, I would like to remind you that the symbol of avarice, like the vice itself, should be something feared ---something against which man cannot fight without special weapons. If I were attacked by a wolf, I could catch him with both hands, kick him, bite him, strangle him, maybe even crush him beneath me. However, personal experience has taught me that I am unable to fight blackbirds without a gun.

Last spring, thirty or forty blackbirds inhabited the trees along my street. One of these settlers amused himself by abusing

me. Whenever I appeared, he glided up to one of the many telephone wires that crossed the sidewalk at twenty-foot intervals, waited till I had passed under him, then swooped down, fluttered past my ears or stamped on my head, and gracefully mounted the next telephone wire. I could never have caught him. I could not hit him with the stones I threw. After this had happened several times, I seriously considered leaving the area.

My third argument, like my second, stems from the qualities of avarice. Avarice must be unattractive. Wolves, although their coats are rough and maybe even dirty, are appealing when we view them closely. They have honest dog eyes. They run gracefully when they are not pursued. However, even if these external qualities were lacking, we would be forced to admire the wolf's fierce, indomitable character. Blackbirds, on the other hand are almost completely lacking in beauty. They shrill incessantly on an off-pitch F##. They pick at the ground, grubbing for their food. Their glassy yellow eyes, their most noticeable feature, perfectly reflect their depraved souls.

Fourthly, I would like to point out that avarice knows no loyalty. Wolves, then, would have to be very poor symbols for avarice. They mate for life and have many times shown themselves willing to live and die for each other. The wolf children often remain with their parents when they are grown and help provide the family meals. While it can, of course, be argued that the wolf, after he has been trained, is never loyal to man, I consider this a poor argument. Is it not, after all, loyalty to kind that makes them untameable?

Blackbirds, perfidious creatures that they are, know no loyalty. The mother flits merrily from husband to husband. Only the strictest laws of nature keep them together long enough to raise their greedy offspring.

My fifth and final argument rests on the fact that the symbol of avarice must be as stupid as the greed which leads to a choice of material rather than spiritual goods. Wolves and dogs are the third most intelligent animals in the world. Bird-brained, however, is not a term that is flatteringly applied.

Perhaps, after reading my five arguments, you still fail to believe it is necessary to change the symbol of avarice. If this is so, I would like to mention that all the evidence used in proving that the wolf is an inappropriate symbol is common knowledge. Students of the Divine Comedy, because they have this true picture of the wolf, no longer understand the poem as the thirteenth century student did. Possibly, when it is explained to them, they even scoff at Dante's lack of knowledge. Therefore, as an assistance to literary appreciation, I would suggest that you make the following corrections in your next translation:

blackbird
and a ~~she-wolf~~ came also,
burdened in her leanness with all cravings,
and which has indeed made many live in sorrow
(Inferno 1:49-51).

On it goes descending, and the larger it becomes
the more the accursed and ill-fated ditch
blackbirds
finds dogs (in Florence) making ~~wolves~~ of themselves
(Inferno 14:49-51).

blackbird
Be accursed ancient ~~wolf,~~ you
who have more prey than any other beast
because of your endlessly ravenous hunger!
(Purgatorio 20:10-12).

Yours truly,

Patricia Crampton

Poem for Children

Luanna Castellucci '60

I'm only three and very small
and nowhere near to being tall,
I hardly stoop to reach the ground
and don't go far when I fall down.

I can't see over garden fences
or get myself up on high benches,
When I stand up I'm still so wee
and sitting down I'm half of me.

I try and try my best to grow
but inches come so very slow,
But once I start I'll never stop
until I reach my very top.

Song

Claudette Drennan '54

When I walk in the park and over the plumey trees
I see the lake, oh I walk on the trees and the lake
An immeasurable moment high, in leaves to my knees
And waves breaking on my feet. In a deep wake
I stand steady into the drawing-out, rushing-out tide
Of ecstatic attention, eye and I so at one
That I sail where I see, the whole world at my side.
Not a particle of cloud is lost on me or undone
Is one of the numbered ribbons of my brushed hair
In that intimate meeting. Held by the world so fair
That nothing is far, in clouds of feathered breast
Racing across the sky, I run my hand
Warm, on the vulnerable-tender breath-cage of heaven and
Still I rest
Myself. Swift with the swift, but still myself,
Not by skies of lakes of trees swallowed, or swept like a leaf
By land. Won, but not one with the world so beautiful, still
Though I sail where I will
Me, at last myself, and eye
With the world itself rejoicing.

THE RIVERS IN GREAT EXPECTATIONS...continued from page 13
(p. 446). Along with light the river also gives Pip hope. "The movement on the river, and the moving river itself seeming to sympathize with us, animate us, and encourage us on--freshened me with new hope" (p. 441).

Pip has now progressed immeasurably from the stagnant marshes, to the low-leaden line of river to a river of light and hope leading to the sea of maturity.

Bells, Birds, and the Boy

Mary Erschoen '62

Once upon a time, many years ago, a small boy named Franz lived with his grandfather, who was an organ maker, in the little Austrian village of Lubyjana, which was nestled in a small valley in the Alps. Lubyjana was like most other towns of its time and size except for one thing: the magnificent cathedral which had been erected long ago in the very heart of the community. It had been built for the villagers by the saintly Count Heinrich von Zellern, whose now-deserted castle stood high up on a mountain slope overlooking the town. Little Franz's great-great-grandfather had worked as a wood-chopper for the Good Count in those long-ago days.

The most striking thing about the church was the bell-tower, which was built of the most precious materials and the bells themselves were of solid gold from the Count's own coffers. The tone was of such unearthly beauty that it warmed the heart and stirred the soul.

This remarkable bell-tower had once served as the home for a multitude of strangely beautiful birds, dove-like in appearance, yet of a species unknown to man. They had never been seen in any other place but the valley. Their plumage was as white and clean as rain-washed clouds and as soft as tufted cotton. Their very flight uplifted the spirit of the beholder, so clean and joyous it was, as if the tiny hearts within the downy breasts beat with happiness at the honor which their beauty bestowed upon their Maker. In times long past, upon the pealing of the Angelus bells, the lovely creatures would fly out from their nesting place and encircle the cross atop the tower, chirping and trilling gentle love songs to the All-Glorious One.

But a sad thing had happened upon the death of the Good Count. As he breathed his last at dusk one golden autumn day, the Angelus bells chimed; the farmers in the harvest fields paused and bowed their heads; women in the kitchens lifted their floury hands from the dough they kneaded and clasped them briefly. As always, the feathery flock glided from the tower at the first peal, yet this time there was an air of disheartenment about these small symbols of God's benediction.

They circled slowly once around the tower and, as the last golden note faded into memory, the entire host glided away; no living man had seen them since. It was never the same again in Lubyjana; somehow, even the people were different. And the glorious bells no longer sounded full-throated and golden-toned, but loud and

tinny instead. It was as if love itself had soared away.

Now there grew up a legend concerning the birds, and it ran thus: he who brought the best and most perfect gift to the Christ Child on Christmas Eve would cause the tiny messengers of God to return once more. And so, every year at Christmas, gifts were brought to the Holy One, not only by the people of Lubyjana, but also by wealthy men from the great cities far away who had heard the legend and were anxious to have their display of opulence bring the birds home, thus winning honor for themselves. But year after year, despite the great gifts of silver, gold, and precious gems offered before the Infant's cradle, the birds did not return.

Then one cold, crisp day in early November, when the chill winds whistled in gusts through the village, pommeling the trees and tossing aside leaves and pine-needles, little Franz wandered into his grandfather's workshop. He was a sturdy boy of ten, with bright chestnut hair, large, liquid brown eyes, and healthy red cheeks. He waited obediently by the door until Grandfather, busily engaged in repairing the bellows of an organ, looked up, laid aside his work, and beckoned to him to come closer. Grandfather was an old man. His figure, of medium height, was stocky and square; his heavy eyebrows and bristly mustache were shot with grey. His hands were worn, gnarled hands of one who has worked all his life for his bread and his eyes were kind. He took the child upon his knee, bouncing him gently, and said,

"Now, Franz, what is it that I can do for you?"

The boy said, "Grandfather, you have told me many times about the pretty birds that used to live in the bell-tower. If I brought a gift to the Christkindlein, and it was the right gift, and He liked it very much, then would He send the birds home?"

Grandfather thought a moment, smiled, and then said, "Well, boy, I doubt if anyone ever thought of a child being able to bring a suitable present, but if you brought a present, and if it were the right present, I would say. . . yes, the birds would return."

The child's eyes, lit by a strange fire, revealed for an instant a glimpse into his young soul.

"Thank you, Grandfather!" he exclaimed, his mind already far away, as he jumped off Grandfather's knee and ran to the door.

For days and weeks afterwards the old man noticed that Franz was preoccupied as if searching for something that always eluded him. The grandfather knew well what it was the boy sought, and several times, prompted by his love for little Franz and his desire to preserve the child from the disappointment that was surely to come, he tried to dissuade the boy from his fruitless task.

"How can you, a child, make the birds return when so many others, wealthy princes and men of influence, have failed?" he would plead. And each time the boy would look at him gravely and say, "There is something else besides gold and jewels which the

Holy Child would like me to give Him, but I do not know what it is or where to find it."

The days passed by, one by one, until it was the night before Christmas Eve. Still Franz had not found the gift. In his disappointment he had become quiet and unhappy; his eyes had lost their lustre and his cheeks their ruddiness. Yet even on this, the last day, he did not give up his search until late in the night when, tired and sore of heart, he climbed into his little bed. His grandfather, heartbroken as he watched the child's suffering, was unable to console him.

On Christmas Eve, as was customary, all the townspeople, Grandfather and Franz among them, went to the church to watch the nobles and wealthy merchants place their offerings before the Christ-Child. It was twilight; the white snow on the mountains, lit by the fire of the dying day, was transformed into glowing hues of magenta, gold and fiery red. A mistral wind, blown down from the peaks, swirled in eddies about the valley floor; the air was cold and crisp.

The church was snug inside, lighted by many hundreds of tapers and filled with the melodious resonance of the organ. All attention was focused on the manger scene, where, amid presents of fabulous wealth, lay the humble figure of the Child in His bed of straw, surrounded by Mary, Joseph, and three shepherds. Gift after gift was brought to the Infant Saviour, only to be taken back again by those who had brought them. First the nobles, then shopkeepers showed their wares, proudly marched up to the manger, and just as proudly marched back, accompanied by the admiring sighs of the spectators. Only two in the crowd listened hopefully for the soft rush of returning wings.

The grandfather, watching all the pomp and pageantry, thought bitterly of how appalled these proud, cold men would be if the birds returned and their gifts were accepted by the Holy One. They would leave their magnificence behind, and stripped of their glamor, they would be seen for what they were: men who lied and cheated, defrauded and connived--men, avaricious, stupid men. The old man shook his head sadly.

At long last all of the gorgeous presents had been offered; in the deserted church, only two people remained: the boy Franz and his grandfather. The child left the old man's side and went to kneel before the Holy Infant in the manger-bed. He clasped his hands tightly and large tears welled up in his eyes.

"O Holy One," he whispered miserably, "I have failed You. I could not find the gift which I wanted so much to bring to You. I am poor, dear Lord, almost as poor as You, lying on that hard, cold bed, and I have no gift for You, only my empty hands to work for You and my full heart to love You." And he put his head down upon his clasped hands and wept.

Suddenly the still evening was filled with a gradually in-

creasing sound. The bells, miraculously ringing of themselves sang out their song in a voice more beautiful than any man remembered; it was a ripe, golden tone that lingered sweetly on the air. And beyond this miracle came that other sound, that unbelievable, wonderful sound: the sound of the swift yet gentle beat of wings in the clear mountain air.

In the streets, on the mountain paths, in the dwellings of the villagers, everywhere activity ceased; all looked toward the church, and men, women and children, listening to the lovely tones and witnessing the great miracle, felt their hearts beat faster with each falling tear.

"The birds have come back," they whispered softly, wonderingly, "God has restored the blessing!"

Before the crib of the Infant Saviour, Franz still knelt, his heart enkindled and glowing, while the bells pealed and the birds sang in honor of him who had brought the best and most worthy gift of all--the gift of love.

Barbara LaChimia '62

San Francisco Geometry

Trolley
cars crawled up the
perpendicular hills,
with tangent people
wanting on.

"Quaker Graveyard..." and MOBY DICK

Mary Anne Wormsted '59

Robert Lowell has written a bitter and searing elegy titled "Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket." The poem is subtitled "(For Warren Winslow, Dead at Sea)" but with classical, maritime, and puritan imagery and symbolism the poet speaks to modern man. The poem is a picture of an oceanic wasteland where the struggle of finite man vs. the Infinite is staged. To strengthen the struggle images of this elegy Lowell seven times alludes openly to Herman Melville's Moby Dick. These seven allusions appear in the first five parts of the poem and in the seventh and concluding section. The sixth part subtitled "Our Lady of Walsingham" serves as a gentle antithesis to the violence found in the other six sections and will not be treated in this paper.

In an attempt to understand any work which is rich in allusion it is necessary to be acquainted with the sources of the allusions so that they contribute to the meaning and unity of the work. This paper will try to explicate the literal meanings of these seven allusions taken from Moby Dick as well as their symbolism in so far as each adds to the meaning of the poem.

I

The poem[1] begins with a description of a violent sea which throws up a drowned sailor who is then buried at sea.

> We weight the body, close
> Its eyes and heave it seaward whence it came,
> Where the heel-headed dogfish barks its nose
> On Ahab's void and forehead. . .

The first two lines are a clear reference to the body of the sailor. In the book Moby Dick Ahab was the captain of the Pequod, the ship which hunted for and was destroyed by the white whale, Moby Dick. In the third line "the heel-headed dogfish" refers to the shark which is the scavenger and vulture of the oceans and which was a common sight around a whaler in the process of killing and dismembering whales.

[1] Robert Lowell, "Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket," Lord Weary's Castle (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1946), pp. 8-14. All further quotations will be taken from this edition and will be referred to by number of the part in which they occur.

> It is a thing not uncommonly happening to the whale-boats in those swarming seas; the sharks at times apparently following them in the same prescient way that vultures hover over the banners of marching regiments in the east.[2]

When the "heel-headed dogfish barks its nose on Ahab's forehead" it could not mean literally that the shark is scraping Ahab's forehead bones which are now buried at the bottom of the sea. The forehead of a man is also symbolic of a man's self, the individual, who includes both the unconscious and the conscious. "Ahab's void" could have many meanings: if Ahab sought the very source of evil,[3] the result of such a search could only be a void or vacuum; if Ahab symbolizes all mankind in league with evil, the universe would be a void, for evil is nothingness.

Thus the sea "where the heel-headed dogfish barks its nose/on Ahab's void and forehead" is the playground of the shark, the battleground where Ahab lost his life, and the resting place of his body.

II

In the second section of the poem the poet (speaker) is on shore imploring the sailor (Warren Winslow) to take heed of the winds coming in from the sea.

> Sailor, can you hear
> The Pequod's sea wings, beating landward, fall
> Headlong and break on our Atlantic Wall
> Off 'Sconset?

Sea wings are a means of flight, yet the Pequod in Moby Dick was not fleeing, it was pursuing. The Pequod is "beating landward" but the original ship sailed away from the land which was its home and then because Captain Ahab refused to end his vengeful journey, the Pequod was finally destroyed in the South Seas. But what we have here are only the sounds ("can you hear") of the sea wings. These come as a warning, a premonition of death and destruction.

Then in the Quaker graveyard in Nantucket where the poet is meditating:

> the bones
> Cry out in the long night for the hurt beast (the whale)
> Bobbing by Ahab's whaleboats in the East.

[2]Herman Melville, Moby Dick (New York: The Modern Library, Inc., 1926), p. 558. All further quotations will be taken from this edition and will be referred to by page number.

[3]Maxwell Geismar, "Introduction," Moby Dick (New York: The Pocket Library, 1956), p. v.

Like the sea the whale is paradoxically both benign and malevolent, nourishing and destructive. To Ahab the whale and also nature was all malevolent and destructive. But because of the gentle tone assumed when "the bones cry out. . .for the hurt beast" the paradox of the whale is re-established.

III

In the third part of the poem Warren Winslow is directly addressed. The literal statement of the poem is: "Nothing we gain from the sea is of any avail or any value. The sea lives with another time which destroys and removes all traces of the havoc it has wrought. We may dream of 'castles in Spain'"[4] but

> only bones abide
> There in the nowhere, where their boats were tossed
> Sky-high, where mariners had fabled news
> Of IS, the white monster. What it cost
> Them is their secret.

The "nowhere" refers to the sea and, in another sense, to "Ahab's void." Now only bones abide where once mariners learned a secret they can never tell. It was "fabled news," a fable of IS, the white monster. Here again is a reference to the paradox of the whale. The stress and capitalization of IS makes it quite conceivably a Biblical reference: "And God said to Moses, I am the God who IS; thou shalt tell the Israelites, THE GOD WHO IS has sent me to you." Is the "white monster" a symbol of God? There is an analogy: as the whalers lived off the whales, so all men depend on an outside source for existence. It was defiance of the whale, the source of life, that destroyed Ahab and the mariners. Ahab's monomaniac notion is that if the whale has violated him, he can in turn, violate it. He will not bear the burden of the mystery of good and evil. But man must come to recognize the inviolability of that source (God, Nature) and the justice of the inevitable death of him who fails in that recognition.

There is still the reference to the whiteness of the whale ("the white monster") which Melville takes a chapter to elaborate on in Moby Dick. At the end of this chapter he says:

> But not yet have we solved the incantation of this whiteness, and learned why it appeals with such

[4]DeSales Standerwick, "Notes on Robert Lowell," Renascence, Winter 1955, p. 76.

[5]Holy Bible, Exodus 3:14, Knox Translation (New York: Sheed & Ward, Inc., 1956).

> power to the soul; and more strange and far more portentous -- why, as we have seen, it is at once the most meaning symbol of spiritual things, nay, the very veil of the Christian Deity; and yet should be as it is, the intensifying agent in things the most appalling to mankind (p. 194).

and here after clearly presenting the paradox of the white whale Melville concludes:

> And of all these (mysteries) the Albino whale was the symbol. Wonder ye then at the fiery hunt?

To conclude the explication of this excerpt from "Quaker Graveyard" it is necessary to read to the end of the stanza:

> only bones abide
> There in the nowhere, where their boats were tossed
> Sky-high, where mariners had fabled news
> Of IS, the white monster. What it cost
> Them is their secret. In the sperm-whale's slick
> I see the Quakers drown and hear their cry:
> "If God himself had not been on our side,
> If God himself had not been on our side,
> When the Atlantic rose against us, why,
> Then it had swallowed us up quick."

As the Quakers drown in the whale's slick they call out an ironic testimony. These last four lines echo Psalm 123:

> If the Lord had not been on our side, Israel may boast, if the Lord had not been on our side when human foes assailed us, it seemed as if they must have swallowed us up alive, so fierce their anger threatened us (Ps. 123:1-4).

The singer of psalms, however, praised God for his deliverance from the waters; the Quaker mariners who sought answers to which they had no right, do not, even as they die, accept the will of God. Their "praise" is filled with bitterness.

IV

The fourth part of the poem is an eloquent epilogue to Moby Dick:

> This is the end of the whaleroad and the whale
> Who spewed Nantucket bones on the thrashed swell
> And stirred the troubled waters into whirlpools
> To send the Pequod packing off to hell:
> This is the end of them, three quarters fools,
> Snatching at straws to sail
> Seaward and seaward on the turntail whale.

The end of "snatching at straws," sailing the seas, hunting whales, fighting the unknown and the untameable, is only bitterness. The whales which killed Nantucket mariners and the whale which destroyed the Pequod are turntails, they would run from conflict to preserve their lives. Yet man is but a fool; for the least of reasons he will follow the whale. "There is no folly of the beasts of the earth which is not infinitely outdone by the madness of men" (p. 383).

Part four ends with a question left unanswered.

> Who will dance
> The mast-lashed master of Leviathans
> Up from this field of Quakers in their unstoned graves?

The "mast-lashed master" refers to Captain Ahab who had himself lashed to the mainmast so that he could watch and search for Moby Dick.

> And thus, with one hand clinging round the royal mast, Ahab gazed abroad upon the sea for miles and miles (p. 528).

The source of the many references in Moby Dick to the Leviathan is the Bible where it may or may not designate the whale:

> There lies the vast ocean, stretching wide on every hand; this, too, is peopled with living things past number, great creatures and small; the ships pass them on their course. Leviathan himself is among them; him, too, thou has created to roam there at his pleasure (Ps. 103: 25-27).

The Leviathans in Moby Dick certainly refer to the great whales as does the Leviathan of "the mast-lashed master."

> When I stand among these mighty Leviathan skeletons, I am, by a flood, borne back to that wondrous period ere time itself can be said to have begun. . . (p. 453).

> So with stun-sail piled on stun-sail, we sailed along, driving these Leviathans before us. . . . (p. 381).

The "field of Quakers in their unstoned graves" signifies that the Quakers have died on the seas and find their grave at the bottom of the sea. This is in contrast to the Quaker graveyard mentioned in the second stanza which is on shore where the "winds' wings beat upon the stones" (tombstones). Those buried at sea have no tombstones.

QUAKER GRAVEYARD AND MOBY DICK... continued on page 43

# of course

Martha McCarthy '62

we loved
    you left
        and i was

blue

i cried
    and sighed
        my days were

sad

but now i can
    look back
        dry-eyed

and ponder times of fun we've had

and if
i had a choice to make
of memories dear or

you

i think i'd find the memories
the better of the

two

After Anne Lindbergh

This is an ivy leaf,
Thin pointed, and crisp as an autumn day.
Graceful and delicate, it rests in my palm
Like a young bird ready to take flight. . .
Anxious yet fearful.

Verdant and lined with clear spines,
It looks like a tangled freeway --
Searching but always ending in the same place.
On one side it is rough and abruptly divided by sharp spines.
The reverse is smooth, soft, serene.
The center edge forges ahead to new adventures,
And I follow closely.

Now it is a star, glistening with the early morning dew,
Now it is a map that has many winding roads,
All leading nowhere. Now it is simply itself,
Detached from the vine, straight, self-contained,
And very soon: shrivelled and lifeless.

Joan Chappell '62

Three by

Arline Szandy '60

They Wait

The moon sees all through open window:
The aging curtains, and peeling paper
The broken chair, and crooked picture.
Two jewels sparkle -- a black cat stares
And waits ---
Waits.
The moon also waits --
It for day.
That, at least, will come.

Summer Night

Black branches
Against blue sky.
Silence but for
Bugs' chatter and
Birds' twitter.
A swing rocks --
We look, listen.

Gull Warning

I stand gazing out to sea
Gulls form crowns above me.
They sing a requiem of fear
Knowing a storm is near.

Frog 'n Me

Alanna Riordan '62

"Julie, Julie, where are you?"

I doesn't feel like answerin' so I climbs up the nearest pine tree. The voice comes again, only louder this time.

"You better come out, Julie, or I'm gonna tell."

It's Karen. 'Cept I call her "Carrots" 'cuz she's got awful orangey-lookin' hair. Me 'n her used to be pretty good buddies 'til we came up to camp. Then she started in actin' like a sissy, always combin' her hair, screamin' like a baby at everything, and gettin' skeered of bugs. So now I doesn't like her or Pepi. Pepi's a sissy, too!

As soon as Carrots goes I slide back down. I'm a pretty good tree-climber, too. In fact, that's all I like to do, swim 'n climb trees. Besides that I hate camp! I hate makin' little scatter pins 'n baskets! I hate archery! I hate sissy girls an' most of all I hate Pepi!

Yeah, that's her name, all right. Pepi! Kin you imagine a growed girl with a name like that. An' a counselor, too! It's almost as bad as Julie.

An' she bawls you out for nothin'. All I was doin' was trying to ketch a little garter snake. . . she bawls me out for goin' off the camp grounds.

Well! This time she really will be sorry. I will go off the camp grounds. But this time she won't be able to find me.

I take off my blue tennis shoes 'n white sox ('cept they're not too white any more). I roll up my jeans' legs 'n start to wade in the crick. I guess I squishes the mud too hard 'cuz I sure stirs up a mess of frogs.

There's a big one! I sneak over to ketch him. I get behind him 'n wriggles my fingers in front of him. While the stupid thing tries to figger out what fingers are, I quick grabs his back legs 'n captures him. He starts a-squirmin' but I holds on real tight 'n carry him back to where I left my shoes.

Boy! This one's a beaut! Lots of warts all over him. I look at him real close 'n see he has double eyelids. Camels has double eyelids, too. I kin tell he's wonderin' if I'm gonna let him go or not. Well, I'm not.

Pretty soon, he seems to get the idea ' cuz when I let go of him he doesn't run away. I guess he knows now I am a pretty good frog catcher an' I'd ketch him all over again. Me 'n him are gonna be good buddies, though.

"Julie, Julie, where are you honey?"

Honey. Kin ya beat that? It's dumb ol' Pepi, of course. I bet she's really worried. It serves her right--bawlin' you out all the time.

I grabs Frog 'n starts shinnyin' up the tree again. Pepi's icky voice comes closer 'n closer 'til I sees her standin' jest below us. I watch her look around. Then she starts in to holler again.

"Julie, Julie."

Frog 'n me keeps real still. 'Cept those pine needles keep pokin' me in the eye. So, I real careful-like reaches up one hand to push them out of the way. . . suddenly Frog squiggles outa my other hand 'n falls. I leans out to ketch him but my braid gits caught in the stupid ol' tree branch.

Frog falls right in front of Pepi. Pepi jest looks at him a-wonderin' where he came from. Then she looks up at me. I'm skeered but I set there on the branch real still.

She sez, "I think you better come down and take care of your friend, don't you, Julie?"

I'm so surprised that I climbs back down. When I see ol' Frog lyin' there flattened out, I feels kinda sick. Me and him are buddies so I go real close to see if I can help him. His fat white belly is shrivelled up 'n then I sees blood oozin' outa him.

My throat begins to feel like there's a big beetle in it. Then, sissy tears come outa my eyes and then, then, I begins to cry. Just like Carrots does all the time. I feels awful.

After a while, Pepi asks me again don't I want to take care of my friend. Pepi! I had forgot all about her, 'n here I is bawlin' like a baby.

"We're going to have to bury him, Julie," she sez.

Then I really bawls. Pepi starts diggin' a little hole. She smoothes down the dirt around it so it will be real soft. Then, she goes over and picks up Frog. She holds him real careful and brings him to me to bury. I takes him 'n puts him in the hole an' covers him up with dirt. Pepi puts a bunch of rocks on his grave so we'll remember where it is.

Then I figgers Pepi's not so bad after all. Anyhow, she's no sissy. So when she smiles at me I hold her hand 'n me 'n Pepi walks back to camp.

SOMEONE ALWAYS BOOS... continued from page 16

"Well for goodness sakes, silly. Someone always boos at any of us. Didn't you hear the cheers? I wish I could play ball as well as you or do anything as well as you." Frances swished off. Dora stared after her, fascinated by the pendulum swing of the retreating ponytail.

Willow

Luanna Castellucci '60

Tell me, willow, how you weep
I've never seen your tears,
Nor heard the sob
That jerks the heart
And makes the breath
Come quick.
I weep-
But do not keep it
Tight within my limbs,
Tell me, willow, how you weep
And still a silence keep.

Pity That You Have...

A mind
That must be bowed,
Loving heart
That will not hate,
Eyes
Seeing not the difference,
Full lips
That may not taste best things,
Rhythm
Shaking uninhibited pretense,
Loud laughter
Too loud for laughing,
Brown skin
Too black,
That's bad
Black.

Millicent Hutron '62

Dora Szabo '60

"If"

If out of years and when
we meet again,
beyond the day and
free from tongue
and flesh;
I'll tell you. . .

. . . who you are.
And know you smile,
and feel you understand
the ifs between us
and the why, that hid
my love, till
Now.

Mosquito

Carla Cosgrave '62

Buzzing

like a great bomber preying on a sleeping land.

Prowling

like a hungry tomcat exploring a garbage can.

Enraging

as a repulsive odor, it dips and glides,

Drinking

as the greedy earth, red-bloated it dies.

Designs Produced by Inversion

Dolores Schiffert '60

The theory of inversion, as a method of studying and transforming geometrical figures, is largely a product of the second quarter of the nineteenth century. In 1842 it was the joint discovery of Drs. Stubbs and Ingram, Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin. Among the outstanding contributors to this theory may be named: Poncelot, Steiner, Quetelet, Pluecker, Moebius, Kiouville, and Sir William Thompson. The latter, by its aid, gave geometrical proof of some of the most difficult propositions in the mathematical theory of electricity. Peaucellier, in 1870, invented an apparatus, later to be called Peaucellier's Cell, which enables us to draw a straight line without a straight edge and also to draw the inverse of any curve.

The method of inversion is defined as follows:

If on the line OP, the point P' be taken so that

$$OP \cdot OP' = R^2$$

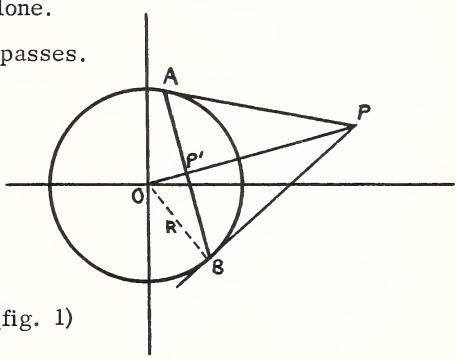
then P' and P are said to be inverse to each other with respect to the circle whose center is O and whose radius is R.

O is called the center of inversion, and R is the radius of inversion.

The operation of obtaining one of the points when the other is given is called inversion.

In the construction of the inverse of a point we may use two methods, that which employs the ruler and compasses, or that which uses compasses alone.

Method I: Ruler and compasses.



(fig. 1)

Given: A circle of radius R and center O, and a point P.
To Construct: The inverse of P with respect to the given circle. (fig. 1)
Construction: Join O to P by a line. Construct from P, tangents to the circle O. Join the points of tangency by the chord AB.

The point of intersection of the chord AB and the line OP is the inverse point P' of the point P.

In the two methods mentioned the given point P was taken such that it fell outside the circle of inversion. If the point is taken inside the circle, a similar construction is used.

This idea of inverse points may be enlarged to include inverse curves: If P travels along a specified curve, its inverse P' travels along a corresponding curve, which we call the inverse curve.

Certain fundamental theorems can be arrived at through the study of inverse curves.

We find that:

1. The inverse of a circle passing through the center of inversion is a circle.
2. The inverse of a circle passing through the center of inversion is a straight line perpendicular to the diameter through the center of inversion.
3. The inverse of a straight line not passing through the center of inversion is a circle through the center of inversion.
4. The inverse of a straight line through the center of inversion is the line itself.

Some interesting problems which arise from a consideration of this theory are:

1. The inverse of a point on the circle of inversion is the point itself, and therefore the circle of inversion is its own inverse.
2. Every point in the plane, except the center of inversion, has for a given radius of inversion one and only one inverse.

In inverting a locus, since it would be impractical to construct the inverse of every point on the locus, it is customary to find the algebraic relationship which exists between the given curve and the inverse curve. Using this relationship, we then can study more easily the resulting inverse curves of various standard equations.

Using rectangular coordinates, let us consider the running point P (X, Y). We shall denote the coordinates of a running point on the inverted curve by x and y. We may then write:

$$OP = \sqrt{X^2 + Y^2}$$

$$OP' = \sqrt{x^2 + y^2}$$

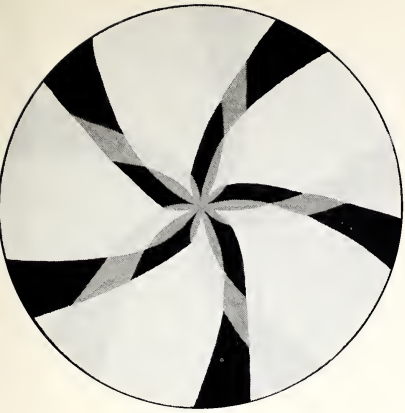
Since $OP \cdot OP' = R^2$

$$\sqrt{X^2 + Y^2} \cdot \sqrt{x^2 + y^2} = R^2$$

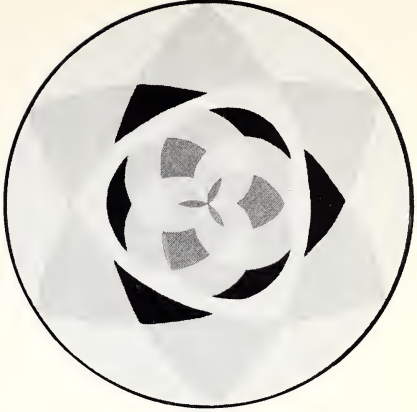
$$\sqrt{X^2 + Y^2} = \frac{R^4}{x^2 + y^2}$$

Since X:Y :: x:y,

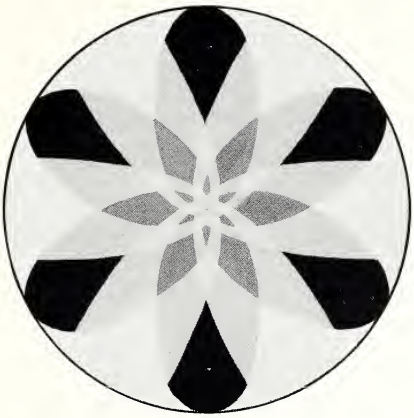
we, therefore can say that the relationship is as follows:



(fig. 2)

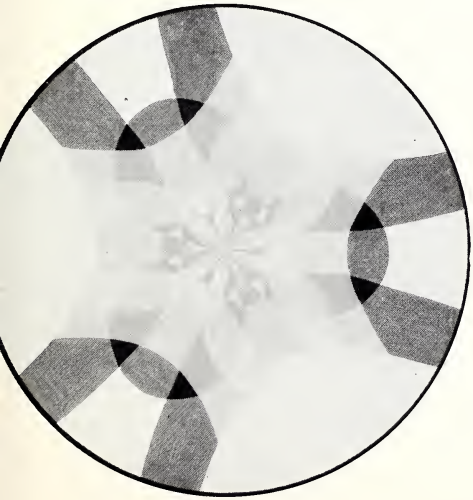


(fig. 3)



(fig. 4)

(fig. 5)



(fig. 6)

$$X = \frac{R^2 x}{x^2 + y^2} \qquad Y = \frac{R^2 y}{x^2 + y^2}$$

Taking several positions of the parabola, ellipse, and hyperbola, we may now study these curves and their inverses and thus apply them to design.

In taking the parabola, we find two positions, which when their inverses are drawn, produce the cissoid and the cardioid.

Let us take the parabola $X^2 = 2RY$ and invert with respect to the circle $x^2 + y^2 = R^2$. By applying the inverse transforations, we find that this curve inverts into the cissoid

$$Rx^2 = 2x^2y + 2y^3.$$

By taking the radius of inversion to be 2, we then have the equation of the inverse curve to be $x^2 = x^2y + y^3$.

In obtaining a design, I first plotted the curve and its inverse. By arbitrarily selecting a boundary of a circle of radius 4 on the graph, I then laid off an identical circle on drawing paper, dividing it into 5 equal sectors.

Placing the curve and its inverse in these five positions, I obtained a symmetric design.

Having obtained the design, I colored the alternate areas in red and yellow and used an overlapping color technique to complete the design. (fig. 2)

Let us now take the equation of the parabola $X^2 = 4R(R + Y)$. We find that the inverse of this curve is the cardioid. Since cartesian coordinates are very cumbersome in this case, it is much more convenient to transform the given equation into polar coordinates. We find that the polar equation of the inverse curve then becomes $P' = \frac{R}{2}(1 - \sin\theta)$, which is the cardioid with cusp at the origin and $P = 270^\circ$ for its axis. Again letting the radius of inversion be 2, we have $P' = 1 - \sin\theta$ for the equation of the inverse curve.

Producing a design in the same manner as for the previous curve and its inverse, I obtained a symmetric design with many closed curves in the center. Following the same procedure of dividing the bounding curve into 5 sectors, when applying the alternating colors, I found that the closed curves did not lend themselves to this technique. But that if I divided the circular area into an even number of sectors, e.g. 6, a symmetric color pattern is obtained. (fig. 3)

Let us now turn to the ellipse. The ellipse will also invert into a Pascal limacon if the center of inversion is taken at one of the foci.

However, a much more interesting design was secured by taking the ellipse $\frac{(X-2R)^2}{4R^2} + \frac{Y^2}{R^2} = 1$. This places the

DESIGNS PRODUCED BY INVERSION... continued on page 45

V

The fifth part of the poem is a description of a dismembered and decaying whale on the beach:

> When the whale's viscera go and the roll
> Of its corruption overruns the world. . .
> Beyond tree-swept Nantucket and Wood's Hole
> And Martha's Vineyard, Sailor, will your sword
> Whistle and fall and sink into the fat?
> In the great ash-pit of Jehosaphat
> The bones cry for the blood of the white whale.

There is nothing to equal the smell of a whale town where "the roll/Of its (whale's) corruption overruns this world." In the pit of the dead, "the great ash-pit of Jehosaphat,: the bones of the slain cry vengeance on the white whale, Moby Dick. The struggle of life continues in both man and beast, but in man the struggle is still misdirected (Standerwick, p. 77). His anger is still directed towards the indomitable, the Infinite.

VI

In the last part there is no direct reference to Moby Dick, but the relationship remains. The sea is described as a destroyer and corrupter. There is a small glimmer of hope and salvation in the mention of the "rainbow of His Will", but every man is still subject to the justice of God. Ahab's fate will be the fate of any man who joins the voyage of the Pequod into "the heartless voids and immensities of the universe" (p. 194).

By tracing the literal and symbolic meanings of seven allusions to Melville's Moby Dick in "Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket" it can be seen that knowledge of a classic can add immensely to the understanding of a contemporary work. Robert Lowell, by invoking images from Moby Dick rather than general sea images, can in a few words communicate an emotion, a picture, or a feeling. Ahab, rather than sea captain, Pequod, instead of ship, white whale, rather than fish -- these add to the richness of "Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket."

On the Eve of Her Wedding

Martha McCarthy '62

One day more
Of me.

And then the me
Is we
And you and I:
The need of much
The us, the touch
Of heaven
Love between--
Among
(For there is God).

The best of each
And more.

To soar
Into a sky of radiant Sun
The you, the me
The Us
Forever one.

Leaves

Dora Szabo '60

There is a leaf among the pages
tinted black with yellow memories.
Dry redness smells of fragrant autumn places,
once swishing songs beneath the children's feet.

A dry leaf is among the pages,
of it they sound with phoenix melodies.
And in the timeless touch of the leaf-pages
forever child and woman meet.

DESIGNS PRODUCED BY INVERSION... continued from page 42
center of the circle of inversion at the vertex of the ellipse. The inverse curve results in a figure which is not recognizable as a standard curve, but is a combination of a circle and a straight line. Taking the radius of inversion to be 1, we have the inverse equation $x^3 + xy^2 - \frac{x^2}{4} - y^2 = 0$.

Again applying the previous technique, using the 6 sectors of the circle, I obtained a petal-shaped design. (fig. 4)

In studying the hyperbola I again found that a more interesting design was obtained by taking the curve in a non-standard position.

The hyperbola $\frac{-X^2}{R^2} + \frac{(Y + \frac{1}{2})^2}{R^2} = 1$, with inverts into the curve $-x^2 + y^2 + y(x^2 + y^2) = \frac{3}{4}(x^2 + y^2)^2$.

Again applying the previous technique, I obtained the detailed design shown in figure 5.

If we allow the hyperbola to pass through the center of inversion $\frac{-X^2}{R^2} + \frac{(Y + R)^2}{R^2} = 1$, using polar coordinates and letting $R = 1$, the inverted curve is $P' = \frac{1}{2 \sin 0} - \sin 0$.

This curve and its inverse produced my final design. (fig. 6)

Westwords' Writers

Bauerlein	'60	Judi, English major, Philosophy minor, Student Body President and LIT member, plans to do graduate work.
Brick	'62	Eileen is an English major, French and Education minor, class officer and member of CSTA and NSA.
Castellucci	'60	Luanna is an English major, Education minor, and CSTA and Parnassian member.
Chappell	'62	Joan is a Nursing major, resident officer, and charter member of the Honors Seminar.
Cosgrave	'62	Carla is an English major, Biological Science minor, and editorial editor of THE VIEW.
Crampton	'62	Pat, English major, Philosophy minor, is a frequent contributor to THE VIEW.
Drennan	'54	Claudette sent her poem from Marquette where she is doing graduate work in English and Drama.
Erschoen	'62	Mary, History major, English minor, is NFCCS Junior Delegate and secretary-treasurer of the Eusebians.
Hatcher	'62	Celine is a Nursing major who writes poetry "just for fun."
Hutson	'62	Millicent, Sociology major, Psychology minor, works at writing too.
La Chimia	'62	Barbara, Spanish major, Italian minor, hopes to do graduate work in Mexico City.
McCarthy	'62	Martha is now a postulant with the Sisters of Social Service.
Murphy	'62	Dolores, a member of the Honors Seminar, is in Education and will probably major in English.
Riordan	'62	Alanna, English and Music major, Education minor, is Science Club Historian.
Roth	'60	Maggie, English and History major, is assistant editor of THE MOUNT and president of Gamma Sigma Phi.
Scherb	'60	Judy is an English major, Education minor, Social Chairman, CSTA and Parnassian member.
Schiffert	'60	Dolores, Math major, Physics and Art minor, MOUNT editor, first presented her paper at Loyola's Spring Math Symposium, May 4, 1959.
Szabo	'60	Arline, English major, Education minor, MOUNT staff member, is doing practice teaching this semester.
Van Horne	'61	Carlisle, English major, Cabrini Award winner, is studying at Oxford this year.
Wilson	'60	Julie is a Math major, English minor, LIT officer, news editor of THE VIEW, and Atlantic merit winner.
Wormsted	'59	Mary Anne was graduated as a Bio-chemistry major and English minor.